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## Poetry.

### The Little Boy that Died.

Dr. Chalmers is said to be the author of the following beautiful poem, written on the occasion of the death of a young son whom he greatly loved:

I am all alone in my chamber now.  
And the midnight hour is near;  
And the fagot's crack and the clock's dull  
Are the only sounds I hear. [tick  
And over my soul, in its solitude,  
Sweet feelings of sadness glide,  
For my heart and my eyes are full when I  
Of the little boy that died. [think

I went one night to my father's house—  
Went home to the dear ones all—  
And softly I opened the garden gate,  
And softly the door of the hall.  
My mother came out, to meet her son—  
She kissed me, and then she sighed,  
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept  
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come,  
In the garden where he played;  
I shall miss him when the birds are singing,  
When the flowers have all decayed,  
I shall miss his toys and his empty chair,  
And the horse he used to ride;  
And they will speak, with a silent speech,  
Of the little boy that died.

We shall go home to our Father's house—  
To our Father's house in the sky,  
Where the hope of our souls shall have no  
Our love no broken ties; [blight  
We shall roam the banks of the river of Peace,  
And bathe in its blissful tide;  
And one of the joys of our heaven shall be  
The little boy that died.

## Select Tale.

### THE POWER OF FASHION.

BY MISS E. A. W. NEWHALL.

"Anna do you attend Mrs. Wells' party Thursday evening," enquired a lady of fashion of Anna Meldow, during a morning call made upon the mother of the young lady.

"No, I do not," was the prompt reply. "And pray what may be the reason?" urged the lady.

Anna hesitated as she observed her mother's eye fixed mildly upon her, but in a moment replied, "I have attended so many parties of late I have no further disposition for them."

"Indeed," replied Mrs. Tilson, "all your young associates are going, and I thought you would enjoy it much."

"Anna has decided, I believe," interposed her mother, "that it is best she should not attend on the present occasion."

The lady after having spent the amount of time usual for a fashionable morning call, took her departure.

Mother and daughter sat in perfect silence for a few moments which was at last broken by Mrs. Meldow. "My dear child," she said, addressing Anna in a mild tone, and fixing a reproving glance upon her, "I am grieved to find that love of fashion has power enough over you to make you equivocate in so trifling a matter as attending a party. Truth is always the safest, and, in all instances, should be the only reply to every question, no matter how humbling the world may view the position it places us in. To an upright mind no situation can be more humbling than that in which we dissemble our real motives and utter a falsehood."

"But, mother," interposed Anna, with a burning cheek, "it surely could not be called a falsehood. I told Mrs. Tilson that I had attended a great many parties and had no further disposition for them, and is that not some part of my reason?"

Mrs. Meldow replied, "I have great fears for the high-mindedness of my child when she will plan to give falsehood an air of truth. Anna, your father has now been dead five years, and never during the whole of that time have I had so much reason to fear for your moral and religious safety as at the present. Your danger is, perhaps, not greater, but more apparent. I have awoke as it were from a slumber to find my child bound fast in the chains of the tyrant, Fashion. I have but a moderate fortune, Anna, but I possess untold wealth, I trust God would keep me from pampering in you such an undue love of dress and display as you seem now to be filled with. I have gathered, not from a direct confession from you, but from some hints let drop and my own observation, the sole cause of your refusing to attend Mrs. Wells' party is your inability to obtain a new dress for the occasion. Had the reason which you gave Mrs. Tilson been your real reason I should have been first to rejoice in it. Had I found that weariness of the frivolities of the world had caused you to exclude yourself from it, I could have hoped a better state of feeling would be induced, but as it is, I

have nothing to hope but that my only daughter has buried every better feeling at the shrine of the god of fashion."

"I can hardly think myself deserving of this lecture," retorted Anna, somewhat angrily, while a frown rested upon her beautiful face. "I am quite sure there is not a young lady among my acquaintances whose demands have been smaller in the last three years than my own. Most young ladies are constantly having dresses remodeled, while I am forced to wear mine out in the same style they were originally made, and I have worn what I have now, over and over again till I shall soon be identified by the dress I wear."

"Anna," said Mrs. Meldow, a little more sternly, "have you ever failed to receive a due share of attention from all sensible people on account of your dress, or have you ever perceived that you possessed attraction by its singularity? Every young lady with a moderate share of taste and ingenuity may, without spending an undue portion of her time, so alter and repair her own dresses that they will hardly be recognized again. This she may do at the same time that she is cultivating habits of industry and economy."

Mrs. Meldow left the room and Anna remained absorbed in her own reflections till the door bell rang and her cousin Emma Gilson obtruded herself upon her solitude. She was breathless with haste.

"I have been round to see all the young ladies this morning," she said, as soon as she was fairly seated, "to talk over the expected party, and I went to see Lizzie Tilson, and she tells me you are not going. What does it mean? Why, Anna, half the young gentlemen will be distracted. 'I have made up my mind not to go,' replied Anna, with evident effort at calmness.

"O, Anna, you must not think of it, it will be the most elegant party of the season, every body is having something new. My dress is to be India muslin over rose-colored satin. Mamma thought rose-colored would suit me better than any thing, because I am so inclined to paleness." Here Anna could conceal her feelings no longer and burst into tears. "Why, Anna, dear Anna, what is the matter? Now I know you want to go, and tell me what is the reason."

"I do want to go," said Anna, petulantly, "but I am resolved never to appear in public again in that same old rig I have worn these three years; but mamma positively refuses to buy me anything new."

"O, how mean," said Emma, "mamma gets me anything I want, and your mother had quite a pretty fortune left her, and I suppose she gives enough every week to poor miserable creatures who would be better off without it, to get everything you want. But for all that I would go, Anna. Wallis Weston is to be there, and I know the party will have lost half its charms for him if you are not there."

Anna blushed a little at this, as she met the corners of her handkerchief. After continuing her conversation in the above strain for about half an hour Emma took her departure, leaving Anna far worse in mind than she found her. Anna kept her room most of the day and the party was in no way referred to by her mother who wished her daughter to decide for herself, and calmly, in a matter that seemed to her to have so great a bearing upon her future character and happiness.

The following morning, while mother and daughter were silently partaking of their breakfast, a servant handed in a large bundle directed to Miss Anna. Mrs. Meldow looked at her a moment as if to ask her what it meant, but the expression of surprise she saw upon her countenance convinced her that she was equally a stranger to its purport. Anna cut the string which held it and found it to contain several yards of rich azure satin and about an equal quantity of Brussels lace. Between the folds she discovered a note addressed to herself. It ran thus:

"Miss Meldow, I was induced to patronize a friend this morning by purchasing the articles enclosed and I know of no young lady for whose acceptance I would more readily offer it than yours. I thought it might be of service the coming week and hope it may reach you before you shall have made the necessary provision."

ANONYMOUS.

Anna read it and handed it to her mother while a flush of pleasure passed across her countenance. She ran her fingers through the rich folds of satin and spread the lace out upon it with evident satisfaction.

Mrs. Meldow looked at her a moment as if expecting her to say something, but not a word was spoken till she broke the silence.

"Have you been considering what to do, Anna?" she enquired.

"Do," repeated Anna, with surprise, "why certainly I may be allowed to appropriate it."

"I am surprised to think you should for one moment harbor such a thought. It is evident to me it comes from a gentleman, notwithstanding the note appears to be

penned by a lady. And the impression must have gone abroad from some source that want of dress was your reason for declining attending the party. I do not wish to accuse you of imprudence, but I think in some way you must have let slip your real reason. And now from which cause do you think you would suffer the most, to appear in a dress which might be termed unfashionable, or in one obtained as I have no reason to doubt this was?"

Anna candidly owned she should suffer less in the former case.

"But that is not everything to be considered," continued Mrs. Meldow. "This dress would be a far richer one than I should be able to purchase for you without depriving myself of necessities, or curtailing my charities, which, as a Christian, I could not consistently do, for such a very questionable, if not positively sinful purpose; therefore it would draw down upon us many unpleasant remarks."

"What am I to do with it," inquired Anna, "I know not who to return it to."

"I have not the least doubt from whom it came, and should have no hesitation in returning it, frankly stating my reasons, to Mr. Wallis Weston."

"But if it should not have been he that sent it," interposed Anna, blushing.

"It would only be dissembling truth for either you or me," replied the mother, "to profess to doubt he sent it. We know very well there are few young men among us able to make so costly presents. And if we are mistaken he certainly will not resent being mistaken for so unimportant a donor."

And without farther delay it was returned to him that very day, and the bearer returned a note of apology, in which he offered some explanations which he thought necessary, to avoid the appearance of indecency.

The party came off with great éclat. Beauty, wit, and fashion rivalled each other in their brilliant displays. Notwithstanding the most flattering accounts of it were borne to Anna, she bore her disappointment with more fortitude than she believed herself capable of exerting. She was far however from being cured of her folly. Before a week had elapsed her ruling passion again engrossed her thoughts.

Just at this most important crisis for the character of the young lady, Mrs. Meldow was called from home to be absent three or four months. The nature of her mission was such as would not possibly admit of her taking Anna with her. She talked seriously with her, represented to her the dangers which beset her and prayed for the Spirit of God to guide her. For several days succeeding her mother's departure she was sad and dispirited. Her mother had given her a list of poor families she wished her to visit, and those wants she thought demanded daily attention. In her listless hours she referred to these and though she felt little inclination, a sense of duty bade her attend to them. She was shocked at the scenes of sickness, deprivation and starvation that met her wherever she entered. New chords were touched in her heart, and new channels for her affections opened, which bid fair to change somewhat her course of life. When she heard so many rich blessings pronounced upon her mother's name, she felt that indeed her fame was more enviable than that of the most undisputed leader of the highest circle of fashion. Mrs. Meldow had placed the utmost confidence in the good effect which these lessons would have upon the mind of her child. She thought she could not fail to be aroused to a sense of her responsibility to her Creator when she saw so many of her creatures suffering for what He showered upon her in such profusion. And, perhaps, had she been left long enough to her own reflections it might have had the desired effect. But her young friends soon gathered about her and she was gradually drawn into their scenes of gaiety and frivolity. She had not yet neglected her duties, and each morning found her in the abodes of poverty. In one family in particular she felt a deep interest. It consisted of an invalid father, and a mother who toiled from early till late, but with all her efforts failed to earn bread for six children, the eldest of them numbering but twelve years. It was delightful to see with what assid-

ty this child, as it were, applied herself to the cares of the household and anticipated, as far as her means would permit, the wishes of her poor sick father. Smiles lit up the face of each member as Anna entered their humble abode, and felt a satisfaction in being able each day to contribute something toward their relief. Mrs. Meldow had stipulated what amount she should use weekly in her charities. At first it seemed a great sum and she could not but deem her mother improvident, but a few days only elapsed before she wished it could be doubled, so many wants did she find unsatisfied. She had almost forgotten in her zeal to accomplish good that she had received no notice from Wallis Weston since her mother's departure. Returning from a morning excursion some weeks after, she threw herself upon a sofa overcome by fatigue, and her hat lay carelessly beside her. Her rich tresses of dark brown hair showed that Eolus had played some pranks with them, but he had at the same time imparted such a brilliant hue to her complexion that he might be pardoned if, in so doing, he displaced here and there a curl. Had she been expecting a visitor she would have arranged with accurate precision every tress, but fortunately for her beauty, she had not time to think of it before the door opened and Wallis Weston stood before her. If he had never been struck with her beauty before, he could scarcely fail to be so now. Anna quickly gathered up her shawl and hat, and was evidently about to make some apology but he took her hand saying,

"No apology, Miss Meldow, I am happy to witness upon your cheeks, the exhilarating effects of a morning walk, and would readily pardon any appearance of dishabille in a young lady, could I see it was caused by attention to this duty; duty, I say, because I consider it one of the first duties of every young lady to preserve her health and spirits, as without these, she is unfit for every important duty."

The glow deepened upon Anna's cheek as she met his admiring gaze. If there was a gentleman of her acquaintance for whom Anna entertained a warmer feeling than friendship, it was Wallis Weston. They seemed to have reached a point of deep interest in the conversation when the door opened, and her ever volatile cousin Emma Gilson entered. It was a most inauspicious moment for all parties, for it must be acknowledged that Emma was not disinterested enough to rejoice at finding her fair cousin enjoying so very agreeable a tete-a-tete. Shortly after she entered, Wallis withdrew.

"Now, Anna," said Emma, "I have some pleasant news to communicate."

"Indeed," replied Anna, "what can it be?"

"Why Lizzie Tilson is going to give a party next week, a splendid affair, designed to outshine the last, and this time, Anna, you shall not be debarred the pleasure of attendance; it will certainly be no harm for you to provide yourself with necessary articles."

"But I cannot be able to do it, Emma, I gave the last cent of money I possessed in charity this morning."

"O, that is a pity, but how long before you will have more?"

"O, not for a week."

"Well, the cards are not out yet, and perhaps you will have some in season."

Anna hesitated a moment, for her heart misgave her, as she replied, "I don't know, Emma, as it would be quite right for me to appropriate to my own use what my mother expected to go for charity."

"O, what possible difference can one week make? It would only make your assistance the better appreciated afterwards."

Anna was too much inclined to listen to her sophistry. So Emma continued, "You need not get anything very expensive, and you will scarcely miss the amount taken. But you may think of it. I am going to see Miss Belville, and if you conclude to have any thing made, I will introduce you there and she will work cheaper for you in consideration of my patronage. She always does my work very cheap."

Emma departed, and Anna resolved and re-resolved the subject in her own mind, till finally her love of fashion ruled, and she determined to have simply a muslin

dress made, and that if made fashionably would do very well. It would be very cheap, and she thought if her mother was at home she would raise no objections. As to her objects of charity, the Farwells, the family she was so much interested in, seemed to be getting on very well when last she was there, and she thought they could do very well for a time without her aid. A day or two afterwards, when Emma called, she had fully determined on having the dress, and in the meanwhile had not visited the Farwells. She put on her bonnet and shawl and accompanied Emma to Miss Belville's, who, she assured her, would have all the necessary materials. She was dazzled by the display of so many rich goods and elegant ornaments, but she determined her judgment should not be led astray, and accordingly inquired for plain muslin.

"My cousin has thought best," said Emma, addressing Miss Belville, "to appear in very simple style this time."

Anna made a selection of a very pretty muslin, and modestly enquired what she thought the probable expense would be, of a dress made fashionably and with suitable trimmings from that pattern. A scornful smile seated itself upon Miss Belville's features as she replied somewhat tartly, that she was not in the habit of estimating her work before it was completed.

A severe frown from her cousin, made before, he could scarcely fail to be so now. Anna felt keenly that she had been guilty of some impropriety, and she felt the blood mount quickly to her cheeks. Miss Belville passed round to another counter and handed down several large boxes containing French flowers, blond lace, kid gloves, sashes of all hues and descriptions, and all the et cetera of fashionable folly.

"Will you please make your selection, Miss Meldow, of trimmings," she said, addressing Anna.

Anna cast a mingled look of inquiry and distress upon Emma, who quickly stepped forward saying, "shall I assist you cousin? See what a charming variety Miss Belville has."

Anna had not moral courage enough to resist, and her fingers wandered amid flowers and laces as if unconscious for what purpose, till she was reminded of it by Miss Belville asking her if there was nothing that would suit her. This aroused her to herself and she made a selection of such quantities as Miss Belville suggested she would want, taking care to make choice of such as looked to be the cheapest, for she dared not venture to ask the price again.

"O, it will be a charming dress," said Emma to her as they left the store, "so simple, yet so pretty."

"But I am afraid, Emma, it will cost more than I am able to give."

"O no, Miss Belville works cheap for any body, so fashionable as she is, and I am sure I could as lief not have a new dress if it could not be made fashionably."

Emma having left her at the door, she was left to her own reflections, and notwithstanding her over-weening desire to appear in a fashionable dress, she could not set her mind wholly to rest about it. She took out her purse and counted her money, which had that day been paid to her. It was twenty dollars. Certainly, she said to herself, my dress cannot cost more than that. It was to be sent home the day before the party, and Emma was awaiting its arrival. It came at last, and Anna trembled as she opened the box.

"O magnificent, truly," exclaimed Emma, "was there ever any thing so sweet?"

Anna gazed at it with evident satisfaction and held it up before her. The gloves, sash, and everything suitable to wear with it, were snugly enclosed at the bottom, and above them lay a slip of paper which Anna doubted not was the bill. She snatched it, but a deadly paleness overspread her countenance instantly as she opened it. Its amount was forty dollars.

"Impossible!" she cried, "it is too exorbitant," as she handed it to Emma.

"But only consider how much elegant French blonde, and how many of these finely finished French flowers, and it is really not dear."

"But I have nothing to pay it with," exclaimed Anna, bursting into tears. "What shall I do, see at the bottom she says, 'I am obliged to request immediate payment

as I have a large note due this week which I find it difficult to meet.' Do you suppose Emma, she would take the dress in pay?"

"O, Anna, you must not think of such a thing, what mortification it would be to me. Haven't you something you could pawn at the old Jew's? Yes you have—now I think of it, there is that old fashioned gold chain, you can certainly raise something on that."

"O no, my father gave me that when I was but a child."

"But it will only be for a little while," replied Emma, "you can redeem it when you have your next month's allowance. I would willingly help you, but I have spent all my money."

"Is there no alternative? Would that I had better consulted my mother's wishes. This afternoon if you will accompany me, I will go and see the Jew."

Her only brother's miniature was attached to the chain, and that brother was now dead. He bore a striking resemblance to her mother, and it seemed to her, as she took it from its resting place, that it was a reproving glance from her mother which rested upon her. There were other associations connected with it; he was the chosen friend of Wallis Weston, and the thought of how thoroughly he would scorn such a mean action, crossed her mind. She took the chain just as it was, vainly hoping that by some unknown means she might preserve both. Silently the cousin pursued their way to the Jew's. No place in the world is more dreary than a pawnbroker's. The consciousness that misfortune or improvidence brings all its patronizers, seems instinctively to pervade every breast as they enter. Anna held the miniature close in her hand as she displayed the chain and asked him what he thought he could advance her on that. He took it in his hand and the miniature he laid upon the counter. He enquired how much she would wish to raise?

"Twenty dollars," she said, "but I do not wish to part with the miniature."

He told her it was a large sum to advance on both, although he might possibly do it, but on no consideration on one.

"What harm will it be," interrupted Emma, "it will be safe here, and no one will ever know it, till you can redeem it."

Anna hesitated some moments, but seeing no alternative, she consented. Her walk home was a sad one, as were her reflections, after she arrived there. The evening of the party arrived, and notwithstanding she heard herself acknowledged the most beautiful girl who graced the rooms, and received more welcome flattery from Wallis Weston's eyes than from the lips of all others present, yet she was forced to acknowledge to herself that the evening of the last party, which she spent at home with her mother, was the happiest of the two.

On the same evening of the party, will my reader allow me to introduce him to an abode where he may learn a lesson that year's acquaintance with the frivolities of the world would fail to teach him. 'Tis the abode of the Farwells to whom our readers have before been introduced. The room is small but perfectly neat; a bed in each corner of it, and both apparently occupied by the sick. A physician has just entered and is examining one of the patients.

"You are in a high state of fever, ma'am to-day," he said, "it has increased rapidly since I saw you last," and, turning to the girl of twelve years, he said, "you must endeavor as far as possible to keep her quiet. You seem young, for a nurse, and yet your management would do credit to one of greater experience."

He then examined for a moment the other patient before taking his leave. Three or four children of tender ages commenced crying for bread which their sister vainly endeavored to quell.

"O, God," exclaimed the sick woman, "are my children to starve before my eyes?"

"Hush, mother," said the girl, stepping to the bed, "God has never failed to take care of us, mother, and let us not distrust him now. To-morrow, I feel confident Miss Anna will come."

"God grant she may," returned the wretched woman, "or my children must starve."

"O, no, I have a loaf left, and then I shall get the pay for that shirt, and we shall do some time yet. This is not the week for our rent and we ought to be thankful for that."

"If Mrs. Meldow was at home," repeated the mother with great effort, "we should not be left as long, but young folks are thoughtless sometimes."

"O, mother," replied the child, "I feel almost sure she is sick."

"I did not think of that," replied the mother, "I was too hasty."

A night of agony was spent by all the family. When Anna awoke the following morning, a sense of neglected duty weighed so heavily upon her that she resolved to visit the Farwells, notwithstanding her inability to help them. When she last saw them they were all in good health but the father, and now the hand of sickness was laid heavily upon the wife and mother.

As poor Anna viewed their suffering, she thought her own situation almost as wretched, and the feeling came home that her conscience would never be quieted for the evil she had done, till she had in some way, alleviated their own condition. She said to herself: If I could direct Wallis Weston here, his heart and purse would be open to them. As she departed she promised them assistance either from herself or another person; and requested her name might not be mentioned to whoever might come. Accordingly, upon arriving home, she penned a note, stating the family were worthy objects of charity, and she thought he might find gratification from assisting them, as his means were ample. He hesitated not a moment in obeying its commands, and found pleasure in having new channels for his benevolence; and the Farwells poured forth hearty thanks to God for having sent them a deliverer. Impatiently did Anna Meldow await the time when she should receive her next month's charity money. Heavily the days passed by, and when it came at last, it was one day later than usual. But she hurried directly to the Jew's, when, to her utter dismay, he had sold her pawn about two hours before. She was in perfect agony. She was expecting her mother every day, and how she could meet her with such a load of guilt upon her conscience, she knew not. As she left the pawnbroker's she bent her steps to the abode of the Farwells, her only consolation now being that she had means to resist them. She laid her hand upon the lowly latch, and so deep was she in meditation upon her own unhappy situation, that she hardly knew where she was till she opened the door and met the gaze of Wallis Weston. A blush, deep as though found in a guilty action, suffused her face. The fear that he would suspect her of having penned the note filled her breast. Nor was she wrong; it came across his mind like a flash of lightning, and it was evident from the expression of his countenance that it did not cause unpleasant sensations. After he had exchanged civilities with her, and offered a chair, he withdrew. Anna enquired into the circumstances of the family and found they had wanted for nothing since Wallis had visited them. When she left the house she found him moving on very leisurely only a few rods from the door. He turned round and gallantly offered to escort her home. The conversation appeared to be of great interest to both, but what was its subject we are unable to tell, unless we might be allowed to guess from Anna's deepening blushes. Perhaps, however, if we pass over a few weeks we may get some insight, for we find busy preparations for a wedding which was shortly after celebrated in very simple style, both bride and bridegroom being the envy of all who witnessed it. The bride, of the ladies, for having secured so much wealth as well as beauty; and the bridegroom, of the gentlemen, for having won for himself a lady rich in all female charms. Mrs. Meldow thanked God for having given her a son in whose religious principles she could place unwavering confidence.

Some few weeks after their marriage, Anna found upon her table, one morning, a roll of azure satin, and on opening it, she discovered the rich Brussels lace, and what was dearest to her heart than all this, the

[CONCLUDED ON FOURTH PAGE.]